

To the ryght

good & worthypful Mayster John
Bricke of Eltam, esquire, John
Hall hys dayly oratour, wyssheth
prosperyte, health & quietnes,
both of bodey and
spyrte.

A M E N.



In the intent right woꝝ
thypful Syr, ꝑ I wolde
eschew and with drawe
my selfe fro ydlenes, the
whyche of a truch is the
begynnyng, spryng and increase of
euyl & mischefe, to the entent I say,
to eschew the incommodities that
ther of myght ensewe, I haue occu-
pyed suche tymes as myghte haue
bene bestowed in ydlenesse or va-
nytyes, in makynge of Prouerbes
and Psalmes and other Chapters
of the holy Scrypture in metre, as
is contayned in this lytle boke, the
A. ii. whych

The Epistle

which I haue ben so bolde to dedi-
cate to your Maysterthyp, trusting
in god, it is not only of me diligētly
accomplished, but also to your May-
sterthip, thākefully receiued, & whi-
ch, if I may perceiue, it shal further
encorage me to procede in this exer-
cise, not for any scarcite of mē that
cā do it, but rather to geue thē occa-
syō to occupie thē selves therein that
can do it muche better, trustyng to
God, that suche good men wyll not
be with me offēded for this my bol-
de enterpryse, but rather accepte my
good wyll, and honest harte, doyng
the best I cā, accor dyng to my lytle
wytte and small capacitie. And for
as much, as it hath pleased the lord
by diuerse and sundry waies, to de-
stribute and bestowe hys gracious
giftes, as it pleaseth him of his de-
uine goodnes, that is to say, not all
in one body, neither yet all in every
mā or womā but all such as he doth
chose

Dedycatory.

chose & apoint, to be his elect instru-
mētes, vnto thē gyueth he hys gyf-
tes as it pleaseth hys most large be-
nignite, for as it is alwaies sene, he
geueth to one that he gyueth not to
an other, and to some more then to
some, yea, & to some one more thē to
many thousandes, & thus we may se
that he geueth his gyftes not to all
such by one measure, but as much &
as litle as it pleaseth him, & not ac-
cording to our worthynes, for if we
haue no more then we deserue, we
should haue nothing at all, therfore
the lord wylleth them, to whome he
geueth gyftes, to putte them in vse
to the profite of thē that haue neade
therof, & in no wyse to play the euyl
seruaūtes, hyding the talētes in the
ground, for Sainte Paule sayeth:
1. Cori. xii. that the spirit is gyue to
euery man to edyfy with all accor-
ding to his calling, for to one is ge-
uen the vtteraunce of wysdome, to
A. iij. another

The Epistle

Another is gyuen the utteraunce of knowledge, and vnto another is geuen faith, so that al these thinges are the gyftes of the spyryte of god & not the workes of men, & therfore who so euer despyseth the same, despyseth the giftes of y lord, the whyche I trust no good men of honest reputation wil do, & as for them that be other wyse, I accompt theyr wordes as no sclaunder, for thys I am sure ther is no mā liuig that cā please every mā, for he that should go about any maner of workes & of euery body asketh counsel, it myght wel be sayde that he hath begun, but it should neuer be sayd that he hath made an ende or that he hath fynished it, but neuertheles bicause that I wold not trust to mine owne wyte when I had duely & dyligently as I could wayd it with my self I preferred thys myne enterpryse to the counsel of good wyse and wel lerned men

Dedycatory.

men, by whose good counsell I haue
bene the bolder to let it go openly a
broad, for good wyse sober & lerned
men wyl not despise condempne nor
blame that thig that a wise sober &
learned man hath aproued & allowed,
yf any other for Locke peraduen-
ture of learninge or knowledg do
in proue any parte of this booke, yet
the auctoryte of your Mayster shyp
vnto whom I haue dedicate it, may
cause hym to refrayne yf he haue a-
ny discretion, furthermore, because
I thoughte you had moze delyte &
plesure to reade or to heare, or song
the worde of god in metre then any
other rimes of vanitie & songes of
baudye the which of longe here to
fore hath ben vsed rather then any
other thyng profitable for the bo-
dy or soule, by the reason thereof it
dyd the further prouoke me to dedi-
cate it vnto you, trustyng that you
wyl take it well in worthe, and not
with

The Epistle dedicatorie.

Wherewith it should redound to your
worshyp so to do, thus fare you
well, the luyng god the
geuer of al good giftes,
kepe you alwayes
in health and
prosperitye.



finis.

Your good maysterthys most
humble seruaunt at all tymes
to commaunde John Hall.

Certaine Lessons.

Do all your dedes with good
aduyse

Cast in your myndes alwayes the
ende

Myf bought is of to bere a pryce
the tryed trust take as your friend
For frendes I fynde ther be but two
of countenaunce and of effecte:

Of the one sorte there are ynoughe,
but fewe ben of the other secte.

Also beware the venyme sweete,
of fyled woordes and flattery

For to deceyue they be molte mete,
that best can play hypocrisie.

Let wysdome rule your dede and
thought

So shall your woorkes be wysely
wrought.

Who lyst to leade a quyet lyfe,
Who lyst to ryd him selfe from
stryfe

Geue eare to me, mark what I say
Remembze well, beare it away.

Hold

Certaine Lessons:

**Hold backe thy tongue, at meate
and meale**

**Speake but fewe woordes, bestowe
them well**

**By woordes the wise man thou shalt
espye**

**By woordes a foole thou shalt sone try
A wyse man can hys tongue make
cease**

A foole can neuer holde hys peace

Who loueth rest of woordes beware

Who loueth woordes is sure of care

**For woordes oft times, men haue ben
shente,**

For silence kept, fewe them repent

**Two eares, one tongue, onely thou
hast**

**More thynges to heare, then woordes
to wast**

A foole in no wyse can him forbear

**He hath two tongues, and but one
eare**

**Be sure thou kepe a stedfast brayne
Lest**

Certayne lessons.

**Lette that thy wordes putte the for
payne**

**Wordes wysely sette, are worthe
muche golde**

The price of rashnes, is sone tolde

Yf tyme requyre wordes to be had

To hold thy peace I holde the mad

Talke onely of nedefull verities,

Stroue not for tryflyng fantasyes

**Wyth sobernesse the trouthe broute
out,**

**Affirme nothyng whereyn bys
doubte**

**Who to thys songe wyll take good
hede**

**And spende no mo wordes then he
nede.**

**Though he be a foole, and haue no
brayne**

He shal by this great wysdō gayne

**Speake whyle tyme is, elles holde
the styll**

**Wordes out of tyme, ofte thynges
do spyll.**

Saywell

Certayne Lessons.

Say well, and do wel, are thynges
twayne

Twoyse blest is he, in whome bothe
do rayne

Saywell is sure a woorthy thyng,
of saywell great goodnes doeth al-
way spryng

Saywell from do well dyffereth a
letter

Saywell is good, but do well is
better.

Saywel is ruled by mā some deale
do wel to god doth wholly appeale.

Say well is good, and doth many
please

Doo well is better, and dothe the
wozld ease.

Saywell can seth many to Scryp-
ture cleave

For lacke of do well, they quykely
leane

If saywel and do well, were ioyned
in fraime

All were well and worne, got were
the

Certaine lessons.

the game

**Say well in daunger of deathe is
colde.**

**Do well is earnest, and wonderous
bolde.**

**When say well for feare doth trem-
ble and quake**

**Do well is iocund, and good cheare
doth make.**

finis.

The Proverbs

of Salomon, translated into
Englyshe metre.

Argumentum. Chap. i.

The wysdome of the Lorde our God
Doth call vpon vs styll
That we flee farre from wycked men
and folowe not theyr wyll.

My sonne thy father herke vnto
and to his loze enclyne
For sake thou not thy mothers labo
but sure let it be thyne

For that shal cause grace plētiful
to lyght vpon thyne head:
And on thy necke shal be a chayne
and stande the in good steade

Therfoze my sōne take thou good
whē synners do the tempte (hede
For thoughe that they do the intyse
to them do not consent

Yf they shal say com thou with vs
let vs lay wayte for bloude:

And

The Proverbs of Salomon 13

And causeles kyll the innocent
and spoyle them of theyr good

Let vs the swalowe quicke and
let vs deuoure them al (hole

As those that slyde into a pyt,
so shall they take theyr fall.

And we shall costely riches finde
to do therewith our wyll

And with þ spoiles that we shal get
we may our houses fyll

Cast in thy lotte among vs nobes,
a man yf that thou arte:

And then we wyl haue all one purse
and thou shalt haue thy parte.

But walk þ not with the (my son)
theyr pathes do thou refrayne

Their fete are hasty bloude so shed,
all yll they do retayne

But all in bayne the net is layd
befoze the byrdes eyes:

Yet one anothers bloud to spyll
much yll they do deuyse.

And they the selues their obors beare
his may do hurt & noye: (bloud

And

The Proverbs of Salomon.

And theyꝝ owne soules do quite de-
of eternal ioye. (pꝛyue

This is the way of gredy men
and thys is all theyꝝ feate:
foꝝ to berine his bꝛothers lyfe
hys ryches foꝝ to gette.

Wythout therfoꝝe doth wyfdom
& putteth foꝝth her voyce: (call
Behold foꝝ in the open streates,
to you she maketh noyse.

She calleth befoꝝe the multitude
that all men may her know
And in the towne gates openly
her wordes she doth now shew.

Oh folishe men & fond (sayth she)
how longe wyl ye delyte
In folpthe schole: and ye vnwoyse
to wyfdom beare suche spyte.

Oh turne to my coꝝrection.
I wyl my winde expresse:
And I wyl make you vnderstand
my wordes both moze and lesse.

Sece then that I haue called you
and ye refuse my name,

And

In Metre.

And haue put forth mine hand also
and ye forsake the same

And all my counsels ye haue had,
in mockyng and despite
And also my correctyon,
haue set at naught and light

Therfore wyll I laughe ioyfully
in your destructyon

And mocke you whā the plage you
shal iustly on you come (feare

And whā that which you feare so
full sodaynly doeth fall (moch

And troubles and greate heuynes,
shal come vpon you all

Then when you do vpo me craue,
I wyl not beare your minde
Though you seke me, & that earely
Yet shal you not me fynde.

And why? I say because that you
my knowledge so abhorde
And cast away agaynst my wyll,
the feare of god the Lorde

I sayd before they dyd refuse,
my counsels euery one

B.i.

And

The Proverbes of Salomon.

And byd not cease for to despyse
my good correctyon

To eat the frute of their own way
the Lorde shal them constraine
Myth the deuice he shal them fyl
of their insensate brayne

And for the fal of the vnwise,
he shal them slap anon

And eke the wealth of foles shalbe
theyr owne confusyon

But who to me that gyueth care
shal dwell safely I saye

And haue ynough, & nede not feare
by nyght, nor yet by daye.

Argumentum. chap. ii.

It is here taught that we shuld learne
Gods wysdom to obtrayne

The wealth also that cometh therof
is herer describ'd playne.

(woordes)

My sonne receyue thou these my
the whyche shalbe ryght wyse.
And kepe thou my comaundemētes,
my sonne I the aduise.

So

In Metre:

So that thine eares may evermore
to wysdomes scoles enclyne
Applie thyne harte to vnderstande,
suche thinges as be diuine
For yf thou after wysdome crye
and styl vpon her craue
And callest on for knowledge gyfte,
because thou woldest her haue
And seke for her as thou wouldest
seke for money in the dust.
And dygge for her as treasure that
in earth is hydde and trust
Then shalt thou ryght wel vnder-
the feare of god the lord (stand
And of his law the knowlege fynd,
accoording to his worde
For god alone doth geue to vs,
his wysdom for to speake
Out of his mouth doth knowledge
and vnderstandyng eke (spring
The righteous mē he doth preserve
in welfare through his myght.
He doth defende the innocent
that walke his way aryght

B.ii.

He

The Proverbs of Salomon.

He doth the kepe straight in his pa-
that they go not astray (thes
He doth direct hys holynes,
to walke right in his way
yf thou be such, thou shalt theerne
by iustyce for to deale
With every man in equitye,
throughout the comen weale
In iudgement ryght thou shalt lyke
all other men excell (wyle
And every good pathe vnto the,
the lord shall shewe full well
yf wylldome entre in thine hart,
and knowledge in thy spirite
The vnderstandinge good counsell
shall the preserve vpryght
That thou maist so deliuered be
from every wicked way
And fro those men yf froward thyn-
do alwayes speake & say (ges
The whiche do leaue the waye of
and walke in darknes stil (light
And which reioyce most iocondly
when they haue done ful yll

Whych

In Metre.

Whych do delyte in wickednes
whose wayes are vyle and vaine
Whose croked pathes are sclaunder
fro them do thou refraine (cous)

That also fro the straunge womā
deliuered thou mayst be
And from her eke that is not thine
or was not wedde to the.

Which speaketh faire, & doth for
the husbād of her youth (sake
And doth forget the cōnaunt made
of god and of his trouth.

Take hede, her house enclpueth
to death, as I the tell (fast
Her pathes are sure the ready way
that leadeth downe to hell

And they also that go to her,
shal not come out againe
Nor take hold of the way of lyfe
I tell the this is plaine

That thou mayst walke in y sure
wherof I do the tell (way
And kepe the pathes of righteous-
thē shalt thou do right wel (nes

B, iij.

For

The Proverbes of Salomon.

For why the iust shal euer lyue,
in ioye that doeth not cease

The innocent remayne on earth
in wealth, and eke in peace

But the vngodly shalbe pluckt
out of the lande I saye

And wycked men chased shalbe
out of the same for aye.

Argumentum chap. iiii.

¶ Sure trust in God ought al mē to haue
and not in theyr owne brayne

The wycked man thou shalt not feare
ne yet the scorner bayne.

My sone, forget not thou my lawe
but haue it styl in sight

And let thine hart obserue my woꝝ:
so shalt thou walke a ryght (des)

For sure they shal prolog thi daies
thy yeaꝝes, and lyfe also

And bring the peace and quyetnes
and rydde the out of wo

Let mercy noꝝ yet faythfulnes,
hencefoꝝth from the depart

Bynde

Bind the about thy neck (my sonne)
 and wypte them in thine hart.
 And so shalt thou great fauor wyne
 of god and eke of men
 In vnderstanding perfectly
 expert thou shalt be then
 With al thine harte to god the lord
 put confydence and trust
 And leaue thou not in any wyse
 to thine owne wyt and lust
 In al thy wayes haue thou respect
 vnto the lyuyng lord
 He shal thy doynges ordre wel
 accordyng to his worde
 By not to wyse in thy conceate
 but feare god in thine hart
 In hast also from wickednes
 endeuoure to departe
 So shall thy nauyl styl (my sonne)
 continue hole and sounde
 Thy bones also and body shal
 wyth lyuely strength abounde
 Honour the lord, and to hym geue
 the best of thy substaunce

The Proverbes of Salomon.

And the first fruites of thine increase
his glozy to aduance (se

So shal thy barnes be fylled full
and that with plenteousnes

Thy presses all shal ouerflowe
with wyne of great sweetenes

The bytter scourge of god the Lorde
my sonne do not despyse

And whē thou art rebukte of hym,
saynte not in any wyse (loue

for loke whom that the lorde doeth
hys rodde shal on him light

Eue as the father whipes his sone
to knowe him selfe a right

Yet doeth the Lord neuertheles
loue his afflicted styl

Euen as the father doth his chylde
when he hath bete his fyl

Full wel is he therfore I saye
the whyche doeth wysdom fynde

And vnderstandyng to obtayne
doeth set his hart and minde

for marchaūdise there is none such
throughout the worlde so rounde

Ther

In Metre.

There is no syluer nor yet golde,
wherin such welth is founde

More worth then al the golde on
let wysdome be to the (erth
To her al thing thou canst desyre
compared may not be

On her right hand attendaunt is
longe lyfe, with colour grene
And honour stādes on her lyft hād,
with riches wel be sene

Her wayes also right pleasāt are
whiche pleasure doth not cease
Her pathes likewise ar nothing els
but vnytie and peace

She is a tree of lyfe to them
that lay holde on her right
And blessed are they þ̄ kepe her fast
with all their power and might

In wysdome eke the liuing lord
ful wel the earth did found
And w̄ his word þ̄ heuens he made
the earth to compasse rounde

And thzough the wisdō of the lord
the waters brake vp all

The

The Proverbes of Salomon.

The cloudes also powder downe the
that on the earth both fall. Crayne

My sone, let not these thinges de-
at no time from thine eyes. (part
But kepe thy lawe and counsels al
by the in any wyse.

So shal it be eternal lyfe,
thy soule for to embrace.

Thy mouth shalbe replenysht
with vertue and with grace.

Thē shalt thou be ryght sure to walke
ful boldely in the waye.

Thy fete shal neuer slippe from the
by night nor yet by daye.

If thou doest slepe at any time
thou nedest not to be afrayed.

But sweetely slepe, and take thy rest
for god wyl be thine ayde.

And though that the ungodly me-
rushe in with byolence.

Thou shalt not be afrayed at al,
for God is thy defence.

The lord wyl stand fast by thy side
and helpe the at thy nede.

And

In Metre.

And kepe the safe, and suffre not,
thine enemies to procede
And suche as wolde to other men
do good with al their harte
And haue therto suffycient
to lette is not thy parte
And if thy selfe thou able be
thy neighbour to releue
Help him with suche as thou maist
and gladly to him geue (spare
Refuse not to do good to them
to whome it doth belonge
Whyle that thy right hand able is,
to do it them amonge
And if thy frende do aske of the
say not, gette thou thy way
To morow come againe to me
or els some other day
And the wil I giue the (thou saiest)
where as thou mayest it now
Euen out of hand, & yf thou wylt,
thys god doeth not allowe
Intend not to thy neighbours hurt
where he no hatre hath mente
And

The 1300 verses of Salomon.

And wher to liue in rest and peace
he setteth his hole entent
Striue not (my sone) with any mā
where as he doth no woo
Nor folow thou the vniust man
but hye the fast him fro
For why: the way of scozners' all
the lord doth cleane detest
And for to talke with symple men
the lord is pleased best
Great scarcytie the lord doth sende
wher wycked men abide
But he doeth blesse the godlye men
and shal for them prouyde
The lord shal laughe at scoznesful
and mocke the to their face (mē)
But to the lowly he wyl geue
his goodnes and his grace
The wyse wyth theyr possessyons
in honoure shal remaine
But shame is the promocyon
that folish men obtayne.

Argumen

In Metre.

Argumentum. Cha. iiii.

Thow sagely and how fatherly
he doeth vs here aduise
That we from euyl our hartes refrayne
and studie to be wise.

Y^e childre heare your father now
howe he doth you exhort
Take hede y^e you do wisdom learne
whiche shalbe your comfort
And I wyl geue you good rewarde
and therewith wyl you fyll
yf you wyl not forsake my lawe
but study therein styll.

For when I was the onely sone
of both my parentes dere
And tenderly beloued was,
of father and mothere

Then he taught me full louyngly
and vnto me did preache
And thus he sayd ful oftentimes
as I wyl you nowe teache

Se y^e thou doest receaue (sayd he)
my wordes into thy brest
And kepe the wel, so shalt thou lyue
in perfyte ioye and reste

The Proverbs of Salomon

In vnderstanding busely
applye thy selfe alwaie
Let not the same depart from the
by nyght, nor yet by daye

And wysdom neuer suffre thou;
from the to dygresse
If thou loue her she shal preferue
and kepe the from dystresse

The chiefest point of wisdom is
that thou do take in hand
Before al goodes wisdom to get
and learne to vnderstand

Make much of her & she shal the
promote to power and might
And if thou her embrace, she shal
to honour bryng the right

For she wil make thine head truly
both good and gracys
And with a crowne shal garnishe it
that is ful glorys

My sone, therfore embrace with
the wordes I say to the (spede
So that thy yerres in ioy and peace
on yearth prolonged be

The

In Metre.

The wayes of wisdom vnto the;
I shal make fayre and plaine
And in the pathes of equytie
shal leaue the to remaine
So that thou mayest walke wel in
and haue none hinderaunce (the
And whē thou rūnest þ shalt not fal
noz haue an euyl chaunce
Of wisdō, the sure holde take thou
and not to let her goo
In keping of her thou shalt surely
defended be from woo
And in the path come not (my sōne)
of the vngodly trayne
Noz walk thou in the wycked way
of them whose life is bayne
From the yl trade of naughty men,
departe thou cleane a syde
And se that thou go farre from the,
and kepe the styl awyde
They cā not slepe til thei haue done
some harme oz els mischiefe
Noz take their rest til thei haue wo
to some mā wo oz grieve (ught
foz

The proverbes of Salomon.

For they do eate the bytter bread
of wylful wyckednes
And drinke the wine of comē spoyle
and al vngodlynnes

The pleasaunt pathes of godly mē
appeare both light and gaye
And to al men moze bright do shine
then doth the light some day

But the yll way of wycked men
to darckenes is comparde
Wherin men fal, o2 they beware
o2 els do scape ful harde

My sone, marke wel my woordes
that I do to the tel (therfoze
And to the same thine cares encline
and vnderstand theym wel

And se that frō thy faythful minde
thou lettest them not departe
But kepe them styl ful stedfastly
in the middest of thy harte

For they are life vnto al those
that chaunseth them to fynde
And helth of body to al suche
as beare them in theyr mynde

In Mette.

My sone also kepe wel thine hart
for therein resteth life

And put fro the a froward mouth,
and lippes that causeth stryfe

And let thine eyes with diligence,
behold that whiche is right

And eke thine eye liddes loke before
dyrectly in thy light

Marke wel thy pathes, lest y thy
happe sodenly to slide (fete

So shal thy gate be sure ynough,
whether thou go oz ryde

Turne not aside on the left hand
noz yet vnto the right

But kepe away from wickednes,
thy fete with al thy myght

The perfite pathes the lord doth
that lede the way of light (know

The wycked wayes the lord also
considereth a right

But suche as walke in godlines
the lord wil kepe and saue

And al theyr iourneyes prospere so
that they none harme shal haue.

C.i.

Argu-

The Proverbes of Salomon.

Argumentum. Chap. v.

All harlottes fle, thyne honour save
thy yeres spende not in bayne
Of thyne owne floure enjoy the fruite
straunge love also refrayne.

My son geue ere that with spede
my wysdom folowe thou
With good pretēce to wisdoms scole
thyn eares se that thou bowe

So þ thou doest regarde alway,
my ryght and good counsell
And þ thy lippes may murtout kept
likewise in speakyng well

The flatteryng lippes of wicked
may wel compared be (whores)
To hony combes whiche do dystyll
as we do often see

Whose wordes appere vnto thyne
as smothe as any oyle (eares)
But thou art lyke wout good hede,
to take the Chame and foyle

And in the ende the pleasure past
assured thou mayst be

The bitter tast of wormewood shal
moze pleasaunt seme to the

And

And so likewise moze sharpe she is
then swerde of stele wel wrought
Which on both sides w cutting edge
mans life doth bring to nought

For sake she hath the path of life,
bustedfast is her way

So that thou shalt it neuer know
what euer she doth saye

Her fete do lede the way to death
her steppes do leade to hel

The same be alwayes wandryng,
and in no place can dwell.

Geue care therfore my sone alway
and herke wel vnto me

And on þ woordes of my wise mouth
attendaunte se thou be

Estraunge thy selfe as farre fro her
as euer that thou maye

And com not ny her dozes noz house
by night noz yet by day

And do thou not thine honoz geue
vnto another one

Noz yet the fruite of thy long yerres
to suche as be thy sone

C.ii. That

The Proverbs of Salomon.

That with thy riches other men
their houses do not fyll

Nor with thy paines a straungers
be stufte against thy will (house

Lest þ thou mourne, but al to late
vpon a woeful daye

Whe thou hast spent both life & good
and be compelde to saye

Alas why did I nourture hate
why did mine hart despise

The lerning pure þ I was taught
which wold haue made me wise

Why was I not obedient
to them that did me teache

And harkened not to the the which
so muche to me did preache

Wherefore almost al care & greife
is casten me vpon

In the midst of thy multitude,
and congregation

To vse the drinke of thine owne beel
is a sure pleasaunt thinge

And of the brooke that floweth fro
the head of thine owne springe

Suffre

In Metre.

Suffre the same to ouerflowe,
As rivers to the bzinke

That water pure the neady may,
Of them at al tynes drinke

Yet let them be thine owne onely
yf nede of them thou hast

And the straunge mākepe wel frō the
yf longe they may not last

Likewise be glad of thine owne
depart thou not her fro

(wyfe

A louing hinde thou shalt her haue
yf frendly be thy Roo

The brestes of her se thou alwayes
suffisaunt be to the

And with her loue hold the content
so shal you best agree

Wherfore (mi sōne) why wilt thou
in harlots suche delyte

(haue

And doest embrace thy neighbours
and doest to him such spyte

(wyfe

Remēbze that of eche mans life
the trade in the lordes sight

Apereth plain, which he doth iudge
accozding vnto right

C.iii.

And

The Proverbs of Salomon.

And of mans steppes with watchful
the nombze hath he tolde (eyes
And doth his wayes with iudgment
consider and beholde (right

The wickednes of anyl man
shal catche him selfe at last.
And in the snares of his owne sinne
he shal be trapped fast

Because he wold not learned be,
death shal him ouercome
And headlong for his folyshnes,
to Sathan shal he runne.

Argumentum. Cha. vi.

Where art thou warned of suretyshyp
and flouthfulnes to flee
Of doctryne false beware the sleight
and sie aduyltye.

My sone yf thou a suretye be,
or promyse for thy frende
Thou hast thy hand so fastened
it wyl not be vntwinde

And bound thou art in thine owne
as fast as thou maist be (wordes
And take art in thine owne speach,
till he acquyte the

Discharge

Discharge thy selfe for thou art
into thy neighbours det (come
Seke then all meanes, a fe yf thou
thy neighbour canst entreate

Refraine thine eyes fro to muche
and to thy selfe beware (slepe
As doth y doo the bloudy houndes,
oz byrde the fowlers snare

The litle ant (thou slouthfull mā)
to thine example take
And learne of her for to be wyse
and purueyaunce to make

For wher she hath no gouernour
noz mayster her to learne

Noz wissy king vnder whose rule,
wel holden is the sterne

Yet nature doth in her this woꝝke
wythout any other gyde

In somer tyme wyth busy care
for wynter to prouyde

How long wilt thou (oh sloughy
in ydlenes remaine (man)

And geue the whole to rest & slepe
and slackest to take payne.

The Proverbs of Salomon.

Go to, go to, slepe hardely
and slumbze out thy fyll
With folded armes lye down to rest
and take thou thine owne wyl

As one that iourneth by the way
so pouertye shal come
And also like a weaponed man
on the shal fyersly runne

But if thou be industrious
and wel thy labour plye
Thine haruest shalbe plentiful
and yelde aboundauntly.

And as the riuers greates & depe
encrease by rage of rayne
So shal thy barnes be stuffed ful
of corne, and eke of grayne

And thou shalt stand nothing at al
in feare of any lacke
The woful bagge of beggery
shal neuer greue thy backe

A wicked man, and he that is
replenysched with gyle
Doeth alway seke maliciously
with lyes the to bewyle

He serueth to none vñe at all
he flereth with his eyes
And with his fingers meneth craft
and geues him ſelfe to lyes

And he doth alwayes exercyſe
ſome miſchiefe for his parte
And cauſer is of muche diſcozd
thzough malice of his harte

Wp̄th haſt therfoze remedeleſ
ſome yl ſhal on him fall

From him his life ſhal taken be
whē he thinkes leſt of all (ſone)

Six thinges ther be on erth (my
which God doth hate ful ſoze

The ſeuenth aboue the other ſyre
the lozde doth moſt abhoze

A pzoud diſdaynful loke the lozd,
Doeth vtterly reſuſe

A lping tongue that fyled wordes
Deceyptfully doeth vñe

The hurtful hādes which haſt do
the gyltles bloud to ſpyl (make
And can not eiſ thē ſelues refraine
tvl they haue done ſome yl.

The Proverbs of Salomon.

**An hart that doth his euil though
to this onely employe (tes
Whiche way to worke most wretched
and other men to noye (nes**

**The fete also which redy be
great synnes for to commyt
And in one place can neuer stande
till they some mischefe hyrte**

**A witnes false y doth his lippes
deceyptfully applye**

**And couertly his neighbour greue
with some new forged lye**

**The sover disorde is worse
when brethren doth agree**

**And he that doth cause louing fren-
dies great enemies for to be (des**

**But thou my sonne, my counsels al
print sure into thyne harte**

**Do not forsake thy mothers lawe
nor laye the same aparte**

**Commend them to thy memozye
binde them thy necke about**

**And wher y goest lede them with the
then slepe and haue no doubt**

And

In Meter.

And whē thou wakest out of thy
in them se thou deliȝht (Nepe)
for my preceptes a lanterne are
and to thy feete a lyght

In which thou mayst wout perill
passe safely on thy way
for nurtour is yf thou it take
to life a redy stape

The same shall the preserve also
from her that liueth amys
And also from the harlots tongue
which so deceiptful is.

Let not her beauty the enflame,
her beekes are very hokes
To catche thine hart into her snare,
through her deceiptful woꝝkes

To bring a mā to begge his bread
it is an harlots guyle
But for the lyfe of honesty
the godly doth deuylse

Many man the flamynge fyre
in his bare bosome bringe
But that it shal his clothes burne
and cause his flethe to wyngre

The Proverbs of Salomon.

Or may a mā on redde hote coles
bare fote passe on his way
And yet the same him neuer greue
no, no, I dare wel saie

Euē so I thinke that the same mā
that doth an harlotte se
And bleseth him to touch her oft
vngyltie can not be

The chefe is not despised of all
that steales for very nede
Hys greedy wōbe, & hungry guttes
in hunger for to fede

The vtmost is, if he be founde
seuen times to yelde againe
Or els to make amendes wyth all
his goodes that do remaine

But if thou be in whozedō foude
with any neighbours wife
Thou playest the fole, for that doth
destruction on thy lyfe

Thou gettest thy selfe rebuke and
wherof none cā the rydde
Whiche thou eke thou purchasest
which neuer shal behyde

For

In Metre.

For why? her husbandes wrathfull
entreated not to be (ire
Though he geue gyftes, amendes to
as much as is in the. (make

Argumentum. Chap. vii.

In this he doth all men exhorte
to wysdome for to cleane.
He sheweth eke the harlots tryckes
wherewith she doth deceyue.

My sone marke wel my counsels
and lay the by in store (all
Obserue wel my comaundementes
by the for evermore

And honour thou the living lord
so shalt thou be right sure
To raigne in ioyes celestiaall
which ever shal endure.

And other goddes feare not at all
in men haue thou no trust.
And this doyng thou shalt be sure
to liue amonge the iuste.

The kepe thou my comaundementes
so, once agayne I saye

Even

The Proverbs of Salomon.

Euen as the apple of thine eye,
by which thou seest the day

And kee about thy fyngers ten,
se that thou do them bnde
And write the in thine hart w spede
and prynt them well in mynde

And se that thou to wysdome say
thou art my sister deare

And vnderstandyng call likewise
thy kynswoman ful neare

For wysdom shal the safely kepe
from women that be yll

So that on harlots spyled wordes
thou shalt not set thy wyl

As I by chaunce late done to se
the folly of yonge men

And kept me close wiu myne house
and pept out now and then.

Behold I sawe a yong fole passe
the corner of the strete

And hied as fast as he might go
an harlot for to mete

And so toward the harlots house
he toke his way full righte

Thinking

Thinkinge to scape and not be sente
 when it was almost nyght
 And sodainly there met with him
 an harlot proude and bolde
 Whych alway set her whole delyte
 to mocke bothe yonge and olde
 For in her hart decepte was hyd
 and wantonnes also
 Whych she declared by her atyre,
 and tokens other mo
 Whose fete could not abide within
 the house, but ranne about
 Now here, now there, in eche blinde
 within and eke without
 She caught þ yong mā kissing him
 and ashamed not to say
 I made a bowe whych to performe
 I purposed this day
 Wherefore came I to mete the now,
 and to behold thy face
 And thus I hane by happe þ foude
 my way as I dyd trace
 My house is deckt with painted clo
 of Egypt the so please
 (thes
 My

The Proverbs of Salomon

**My bedde doth smel of Sinamon,
of myrrre and Aloes**

**Come on therfore and let vs lye
together at this night
And let vs twaine our plesure take
till it be broad day lyght.**

**Myne husband is not now at home
he is gone farre away
Wyth him he toke the money bagge
and comes not home to day.**

**And thus with many flatterynge
she did him overcome (wordes
And also through her lying lippes
anone she had him wonne**

**Immedyately he folowed her
much lyke vnto an oxe
Which led is to a slaughter house,
where he is kylde wyth knockes**

**Or lyke vnto the folythe lambe,
that slyppeth in the lease
Whē that the boucher fetcheth hym
mens' appetyte to please**

**He thinketh not how shamefully
to pryson he is brought**

Wher

In Metre.

Wher his body doth suffre woo
for folly by hym wrought

This harlot vile of this yong sole
so chaunged had his harte

And had anon wounded to death
his lyuer with her darfe

That like a bird he made great hast
to fall into the gyn

Not knowyng of the fowlers art,
vntyl that he was in

For loue I speake full fatherly
and counsell the efrsone

Marke wel my woordes w diligence
obserue them wel my sonne

Let not thine hart in harlots sna-
at any time be caught (res

Be not deceined, refuse her syght
her pathes be very naught

Her house my sone is y right way
that leadeth vnto hell

The chambers of the same to death
may be compared well.

D.i. Argu-

The Wordes of Salomon.

Argumentum. Chap. viii.

The wyse men doeth commend to vs
the sonne of god most hye
whych is the word that all thynges made,
and was eternally.

How can you say (oh mortal me)
that wysdom doth not crye
And prudence eke exalte a loude
her voyce incessantly

In places al, as in the toppes
of hylles that be full stepe
And in the plaine & wide countreys
and valeys that be depe

In comon places, negh the same
in churches and in stretes
And in the gates of cyties great
wher many people metes

The mighty word, the sone of god
doeth cal vnto mankynde

Whiche was before the heauens were
& uttereth thus his minde (made

O sonnes of men to you I speake
and earnestly do crye

In Metre.

My boyfdom learne to vnderstand;
and kepe it faythfully

Oh hearken well, & geue good eare,
of wayghty thinges and wyse

My lippes shall speake, in myne hart
much godlynes deuys (shal styl

My talke shalbe on vertuous thin
wherin I most delyght (ges

My lippes abhorre the wicked mā
for al his power and myght

My counsels al, and my preceptes
be ryghteous and strayght

There is in them no wyckednes
nor any maner sleight

To suche as do them vnderstand
they be but very playne

And not to harde for them to kepe
yf therof they be fayne

Before great heapes of worldly
chose thou my discipline (goodes

My doctrine is of greater pryce
then is the golde so fyne

As lightsome dayes w his bright
excelleth the darke night (beames

D.ii.

When

The Proverbes of Salomon.

Whē that the skies are ful of sterres
oz mone doth geue her lyght

Even so truly doth wysdom passe,
and farre aboue excell

All worldly wealth: to it nothing,
may be compared well

I whych am the eternall word,
and equall in all myght

To god the whyche all thinge hath
and created aright (made

Affistaunt am, from time to time
in counsels that are iust

And lyke wyse am of all good thou-
the geuer when I lust (ghies

And he which hath the feare of god
sure prynced in his brest

Doth hate al vyce, all pride of hart
and vtterly detest

The wycked pathes in which to
yll mē haue theyr delight (walke

The double tōgue his neighbours
which worketh with despite (hurt

I onely geue vnto mans hart
good counsell to deuise

In Metre.

To deale by right in equitye
and iustyce exercyse

All wysdom doth procede fro me
as from the very sprynge

All worldly strength and fortitude
to man alone I bringe

By me the kinges their power do
and rule the earth therby

And holysome lawes are stablyshed,
and kept accordyngly

By me also al Magistrates
the people kepe in awe

And iudges geue theyr sentences
accordyng to the lawe

And suche as do vnfaynedly
loue me, I loue agayne

And whē they cal, great hast I make
to rydde them out of payne

All worldly goodes be giuen to me
to do wyth them my wyll

And I haue power whō that I lyst
with loye on earth to fyll

And I lyke wyse of heauenly giftes
haue plenty and great stoz

The Proverbes of Salomon.

Wyth me doeth grace celestiall
remaiue for euermore

No treasure in the world so wyde
comparde may iustely be
Unto the fruyte and perfecte welth,
whych do procede from me

The tried golde & the silver fyne
whych doth on earth remayne
And stones of pryce vnto the same,
may wel be compted bayne

And in the waies of righteousnes,
to walke is my delight
And in the place where iudges do
accozdyng vnto right

I do also the godly men
through mercy to me call
And plenteously do them enryche
wyth grace celestiall

Wyth god I haue bene hether to
and was eternally
Before the earth was created,
my father stode I by

I was begot longe tyme before
the waters did surrounde

The

The earth, or that the mighty hilles
were settled on the ground

I was likewise before the fluddes
had made them selues away

Or that the earth or lytle hylles
were brought into their stave

And whē y god the heuēs did make
I was even then at hande

And whē the depes he did comaund
not to surrounde the lande

And when also the fymament
he made as we now see

And rūning springes of water pure
commaunded for to be

And when that he vnto the seas
assigned a certayne place

And willed the fluddes not to excede
theyr bondes in any case

And whē likewise the earth he made
immoueable to stande

I was with him, and to eche thyng
dyd put mine helping hand

I dyd reioyce, and day by day,
I dyd delight in men

The Proverbs of Salomon.

Great pleasure eke I had to be
in company of them

Wherfore my sones encline your
and herken vnto me

(hartes
Most blessed he is that in my waies
delyteth for to be

And doth the same kepe faythfully
as I to him haue taught

And spedely maketh hast to voyde
the thinge which semeth naught

Giue eare, giue eare I say my sones
and learne for to be wyse

He is a foole and wycked man
that doeth the same despise

And happy is the man that doth,
heare me with good intent

And he also whose watchfull eyes,
on me are alwayes bente

For he that hath obtayned me
of perfyte blyffe is sure

And god to hym the life wyl geue
that euer shall endure

And who y doth, against me synne
doth bring his soule to care

Myne

Myne enemyes shal of dreadefull
be wazzapped in the snare (death)

Argumentum. Chap. ix.

From synfulness the sonne of god
doth call both yonge and olde
And sheweth playne the wyckednes
of harlottes proude and bolde.

The wysdom high of god aboue,
equall with him in might
Whych fro the first beginning was
from heauen descended ryght
And here on earth the shape of mā
disdayned not to take
Whych beyng done, vnto hym selfe,
a princely house dyd make
Wherin were brought of marble
pyllers bothe large & wide (fyne
The same therby y^e he myght cause
for euer to abyde
And then anone great quantitie,
of byrtales dyd he slaye
Wyth wholsō meates, & pure good
hys table dyd he laye. (wyne
And

The Proverbs of Salomon.

And the set forth his handmaides al
and gaue them to theyr charge
To bydde all men vnto his house,
which was so fayre and large

And sayd also full louingly
yf any foole there be
Let him resorte vnto my house
and come streight vnto me

To synful men he spake lyke wyse
resorte to me with spede
And of my bread eate you your fell
prepared for your mynde

And drinke the wine before you sit
and leaue your ignoraunce
Walke in the trace among the good
wher wylde leadeth the dounce

Yf thā thou doest the skorneful mā
admonyshe to repente
Thou doest nothinge but worke in
for wyl not relent (vayne

He yet amende his wycked life
whereby he doeth prouoke
The iuste and everlastyng god
to plage him with his stroke

And

And in the same iniuriose
vnto thy selfe thou arte
And winneth hate for thy good wil
he setteth not a farte

But if thou doest, yea bytterly,
rebuke him that is wise
He wyl the loue, and at no tyme
thy good counsel despise

The wise man doth aduertisment
alway turne to the best
And by the same moze ready is,
all byce for to detest

For who so doth þ rightious teach
of this thing may be sure
He wil make hast learning to wyne
and therein wyl endure

The feare of god the first point is
his wisdom to obtayne
Of wisdom he shall neuer mysse
in whom Gods feare doeth raygne

To such wil god send ioyful daies
and wyl they? yeares encrease
And al they? good wil multiply
that they may liue in peace

The

The Proverbes of Salomon.

**The wyse man doth all plescape
and nothyng doeth he lacke**

**The skornyng mā great synne doth
vpon his wofull backe** (beare

**Of pratyng whores & impudent
it is the wonted guyse**

**Myth flattering wordes & whozys
to tye in the br wyse** (tryckes

**A chameles whoze of godlynes,
doeth knowe nothyng at all**

**In open stretes she sytteth doone,
that men she may ther call**

**As they do passe frō place to place
theyr busynes to do**

**Yf any man do want his wytte
let him go her vnto**

**To whō she wyl not stycke to say
and boldly to hym tell**

**The water that by stelth is gotte,
all other doth excell**

**And so lykewyse the stollē bread,
al though the same be sowre
Muche sweeter is then other bread,
at large whyle men deuoure**

But

In Metre.

But in thyne hart my louing sone
pynnt this my saying well
Who so by her is overcome
Descendeth into hell.

And who that doth contrary wise
her wycked way denye
Unto his soule wynneth quyetnes,
and saued shalbe therby

Argumentum chap. x.

The wyse man wyth the folye man
is here compared playne
The feare of god commended is
and luyng got wyth payne.

The wise sone doeth his father fyl
wyth gladnes and with ioye
But the vnwyse wyth sorowe doeth
hys mother hurt and noye.

And treasure gotten wyckedly
shal profyte the nothyng
But wyldome shal deliuer the
from death and from his stryng

The lord wyl not his holy ones
in hunger to abyde

But

The Proverbs of Salomon

**But the vngodly kepe he wyl
from theyr desyre ful wyde**

**An ydle hand the thyrfty man
doth make both pooze and bare
But yet the hand in labour quyk
the neady cryeth from care**

**The wise man doth in somer tyme
his frutes laye vp in stoz
That he therby in winter colde
may helpe him selfe the moze**

**But who so that in haruest tyme
a slouggardes parte doth play
A foole him sheweth and is cōpelde
to begge another day**

**With beauty deckt is the bryght face
of euery righteous one
But past all shame the wycked are
with their presumption**

**Of wysdom eke the memoze
shal haue a good repoze
Euen so the name of wicked men
shal sone to shame resorte**

**A wise man wil admonyshed be
and that is a sygne of grace**

A foole wyl rather then he so do
be stricken on the face

Who so y leadeth a gyltes lyfe,
doth walke away right sure
yf thou treadest in the wicked trace
thou shewest thy selfe vnpure

The wicked man beware my sone
least he do the some harme

Out of the mouth of folyshe men
all wickedness doth frame

The righteous mouth doth make
it is the wel of life (much pease

The wicked mouth contrary wise
doth alway sturre by styffe

And eny eke the mother is
of cursed wordes and fell

But loue doth hyde all gentilly
the wordes not spoken well

The lippes of the that vnderstand
of wysdome haue no lacke

But the scourge doth onely belong,
vnto a foolyshe backe

Wise men doth good knowledge
more surer then theyr lond (kepe

But

The proverbes of Salomon.

But nygh to theyr destructyon,
Drawe folythe men and fonde

The rychnas goodes ar his strōg
wherū his trust is all (hold

Yf pouertye oppresse the pooze,
the riche mans helpe is small

The good is wont to neady men,
part of his goodes to geue
And of his stoze his neibours lacke
wyth plentye to releue.

But to bestowe in vanities,
the wicked do not cease
Such goodes as he shuld wel em-
dnto hys neyghbours ease (plop

Take hede therfore & chastisment
receyue with all thine hart
Yf thou refuse aduerfysment
thou playest a folythe part

Dissembling lippes ar very cause
of hatred and despyte

A foole he is which sclaunderously,
his neyghbours fame doth byte

Of many wordes and ydle talke
offences do ryle

But

In Metre.

But wel is he that can refrayne
his tongue from tellynge lyes

The tongue which is al innocent
a noble treasure is

The cruel hart of wycked men
delyght to do amys

The righteous doth wth their fayre
a multitude enflame

(speech

For to embrace much godlines
and to eschew all shame

And so likewise the folythe men
are lightly caught in snare

Of their own wordes, and trapped
or they therof beware

(fast

The blessing of the lord onely
of riches sendeth stoze

The trauaile is the instrument
wherby he geueth moze

Yf god do not encrease thy corne
and blesse it with his hande

Thē shalt thou labour but in vaine
in tylling of thy lande

A foole in vice reioyrceth styll,
for why, he doeth not care

E. i.

Yet

The Proverbs of Salomon.

Yet neuertheles, & the aduysse
of suche one beware

For at the last wyth mysery,
the wicked perishe shall
When godly men shal prospere well
and dreade nothing at all

Ungodly men shal banishe quite
and neuer turne agayne

Much lyke vnto an hurlyng storme
myred with hayle and rayne

The righteous shal continue styl
and hereof be right sure

In rest and peace of conscience
foreuer to endure

As vineger good to his sharp taste
doeth set on edge the teeth

And the thicke smoke vnto the eyes
is cause of paine and grieve

A Mouthful man & stouggish beast
the good doeth so offende

When they in bayne wold haue him
and he wyl not amend

The feare of god doth blesse y good
and the yeres doth prolonge

In Metre.

As for the peres of wicked men
Shal not continue longe

The good doth byde in patience,
and shal be glad therfoze

The wicked shal for al theyz hast
peryshe for euer moze

The wayes of god doeth courage
vnto al godly men (geue

But suche as liue in wyckednes
great feare doeth finde in them

The righteous shal at no time fal
but stedfastly shal stande

The wicked men shal dwel in lyfe
no longe tyme on the lande

The mouth also of godly men
in wysdome doeth delyght

The lying tongues of froward mē,
agaynst the trouth doeth fyght

The righteous lippes are occupied
in wysdomes talke onely

Ungodly men abuse theyz tongues
in shame and blasphemy.

C.ii. Argumen

The Proverbes of Salomon

Argumentum. Chap. xi.

To deale vpryght here are we taught
and humble for to be
And mercy ke commended is
ioyned wylh symplecite.

In the lordes sight, and in his eye
it is a thinge most vyle
With subtil weight oz measure false
thy neighbour to begyle
But god the lord contrary wise,
in trouth doth most delyght
It is his wyl that al men should,
with other deale vpright

The equal weight & balaunce iust
to god right pleasaunt be
When that the same vnto al men,
Do yelde with equitie

Rebuke & shame do folowe pryde,
in whom that it doth raigne
But where there is humilitie,
great wisdom doeth remayne
Who doth not hate vchar, nor mind
throughout the world so wide

The

In Metre

The fierce & proude disdainful mā
which is addicte to pryde

Who doth not loue vnto their power
the man of humble spryde

The way which in doing good
to other doeth delight

The simplenes & meaning true
whiche godly men asaye

Doth them direct in holines
and in the perfyte waye

The wicked craft & wily sleighes
which in the place founde

Do at the last cast down the selues,
and lay them on the ground

The day that god in dome shal syt
to iudge both good and bad

What shal þ goodes the vs preuaile
which in this world we had

The iustice yet & righteousness,
with chryst to man did bringe

From death shal safe deliuer him
and from his deadly synge

The meaning true of simple men

C.ii. Hall

The Prouerbes of Salomon.

Shal hold them styl vpryght

**The wycked crane shal headlong fall
for al theyr power and myght**

**The godly folke throughe ryghte
delyuered be at last** (cousnes)

**The wycked in theyr owne decepte
shal trapped be ful fast**

**Whē death arestes the wycked mā
with his most dreadful darte**

**His hope is gone, for on his goodes
onely he set his harte**

**The iust mā is, by the lordes helpe
delyuered from yl**

**In stede of whome the wycked man
tormented shalbe styl**

**Beware also of dissembling men
for they wyl sone betray** (wordes)

**Ther faithful frēd throughe flattery
who so their mouth doth say**

**But yet the iust and faithful men
theyr knowledge shal defende**

**From al the snares of fyled wordes
whych wycked men intende**

Yf that perchaunce an honest man
To welth aduanced be

The hole cytie wherin he dwellet
Reioyce as wel as he

And yf so be a wycked man
Do happen to decaye

All men be glad that he so sone
Is banished awaye

And so lyke wise thoro godly me
A cytie shal increase

To which bi their good gouernance
Is brought both rest and peace

So that the same in noblenes
Al other shal excell

As in a ranke of ladyes fayre
Some one doth beare the bel

But throug y mouth of y wicked
Which honestly do hate

Hole contryes and great regyons
Are set at strife and hate

Wherby at length y same be brow
To ruyne and decaye

And from a fal by no meanes can
Them selues vpholde and stave

The Proverbs of Salomon.

Who so is bound for straungers detts
doth bring him selfe to care
And is compeld the same to pay
though he be pooze and bare

But he shal lyue in quyetnes
and haue no feare at all
Which taketh hede by suretythyp
least he in daunger fall

A woman whiche is gracious
and doth apply her mynde
The vertuous schole vpon the earth
is sure great grace to fynde

An ydle hand can at no tyme
to welthynes attayne
But he is sure the same to wyne
that laboureth with payne

The mā in whose hart mercy dwel-
him selfe doth profite most
For mercy from infernall payne
doth rydde his synple ghost

The cruell man farre otherwyse,
with malice and debate
Euen such as ought be nere to him,
doeth persecute and hate

Who so that doth his friend despise
doth shewe but lytle wytte
By this it semes to lyue on earth
that he is nothing fytt

The wise mā can euen whē he lyt
from talke his tongue refrayne
Wherby he scapes the daūgerous pl
of hatred and dysdayne

The flatterynge mā & fawned friend
that doth nothing but glose
Of his deare friend vnfaithfully
the secretes doth disclose

But faithful frēds whose doinges
bpright and also iust (are
In no wise wil betwray the thinges
commytted to their trust

And wher ther lacks a gouernoz
both politique and wyle
The peole whiche be vnder hym
shal fal and neuer ryle

But happy is that region
whose ruler hath the grace
To talke of godly counsellours
to folowe and embrace

Who

The Proverbs of Salomon.

Of the vaine workes of wycked me
no profyte cometh at al
Theyr doynges are not permanent
but sure to haue a fal

But who so doeth seke righteous-
and practise her in dede
Is sure to haue eternal ioye
for his rewarde and mede

And mercy doth prepare the way
that leadeth vnto blyss
yf thou be geuen to wickednes
of death thou shalt not mysse

The liuing lord doth most abhorre
the man whose harte is yl
And onely bent to wickednes
wyth whole entent and wyl

But he doth most reioyce in suche,
that in his worde delyte
And leade theyr lyues accordyngly
in synplenes of spyryte

A woman which in beauty doth,
al other farre amende
And hath no good conditions
her beauty to defende

Vnto

In Mette.

Unto a ryng of pure good golde,
a man may wel compare
The which a sowe in her foule nose
contynually doeth beate

The iust men do reioyce in god,
and holynes embrace
But bent vnto al fylthynes
the wycked ruine theyr race

And some ther be y^e wth their goods
their neyghbour doth relieue
And yet the same do styl encrease
though they do largely geue

And some ther be contrary wyse
that others robbe and pyl
Of ryches great, yet for al that
they be but beggers styl

The soule of him most blessed is
and neuer shal haue neade
Which in his stoze with gladso harte
the hongry men doth fede

And so lyke wyse he neuer shal
for lacke of drynke decaye
That vnto hym doth reach the cup,
that trauayleth by the waye

Of

The Proverbs of Salomon.

The people curse most bytterly
the tyller of the ground
Which in his barnes no corne at all
wyl suffre to be founde
In time of derth, al though he haue
great plenty and great store.
But kepes it close euen purposely
to make the pryce the more

But blessed is he in all mens mou-
that whē the corne is skant (thes
Brygeth forth his graine, & suffreth
the market for to want (not

He ryseth well, and in good tyme
for good thinges that doth call
The naughty workes of wicked mē
shal soone oppresse them all

Who so in his bayne riches doth
put confidence and trust
Is sure hereof whē he thinkes least
to fal into the duste

Where as the iust & faythful man
shal prosper styl in peace
Euen as a tree in the sprynge tyme
doth budde forth and encrease

And

In Metre.

And who y doth through folp bring
his houthold out of frame

Shall wast his goodes, & in the end
sustayne rebuke and shame

And the at length for lacke of wyf
and spopling that was his

Against his wil the wyse mā's nede
to serue he shal not myse

The tree of lyfe or heauenly ioye
is euen the very gayne

A fruite that iust & righteous men,
shal reape for al theyr payne.

Here endeth the Chapters of the
Proverbes of Salomon, & here af-
ter foloweth thre Chapters in order

out of the booke of the prea-
cher, otherwyse called

Ecclesiastes.



Here beginneth the Chapters of Ecclesiastes.

Argumentum. Chap. i.

In this Chapter both Salomon
prove all thynges vayne to be
Only excepte vnder the Sunne
Godes truth and veritye.

I Salomon sonne of Dauid
Kynge of Jerusalem (guyd
Whom god hath chose the Jewes to
And preach hys word to them
Affirme to you ryght constantly
In preaching of wordes playne
That all thynges are but vayne
Yea, al is very vayne
For in this worlde ther is nothyng
That vnder Ophebus bryght
Doth know to haue a longe beyng
To raigne with power or myght
Alas therfore what stable fruyte
May men in this world fynde
In that they seke with paynful sute
The trauel of theyr mynde
For we that lyue on earth most vile
Draw

Eccleſiaſtes

Drab towardeſ our decaye
Our childzen fyl our place a whyle
And then they fade away
Al worldly thing doth chaunge and
the erth remoues for none (ſwarus
But for a place it doth vs ſerue
To play our partes vpon
When y the reſtleſ ſunne with haſt
Weſtwardes hyſ courſe doth runne
Towardes the eaſt he hys aſ faſt
To ryſe where he begunne
Whē hoory bozeas boſterous
Hath blowen hiſ froſen blaſt
The gentyl breath of zephirus
Dyſſolues the yſe aſ faſt
The fluddes y drinke vp brookes ſo
And ſwel by rage of raine (ſmal
The ſeaſ aſ faſt repulſe them al
And ſwalowes them agayne
Thyſ worldly pleaſure, lord eterne
Doeth runne ſo ſwyft a race
that ſcarſe our eies may thē diſſerne
They byde ſo lytle ſpace
What hath bene eaſt, y is not now
And

The Proverbs of Salomon.

And lyke here after shall
That newe deuyse what man doeth
That sewer is not to fal (knowe
What new thing may a mā cōtryue
But suche thinges in time past
Hath time buryed & doth reuyue
And tyme againe shall wast
Thynges y haue bene ye know wel
Hath now no bzute at all (how
Euen so shal die such thinges y now
The synple wonders call
For I kyng of Ierusalem
Whom god hath chosen to teache
Ouer the Iewes to gouerne them
And his wisdom to preache
Hare serched long to know w stryfe
All thinges vnder the Sunne
To se how in this mortal lyfe
A sewerty might be wonne
A kindled boyl we haue to know
And straunge thinges to requyre
Which oft times doth vs ouerthrow
In tormentes for our hyze
The ende therfore of traunples all
Forth

otherwyse called Ecclesiastes

Forth with I sought to know
I found it bayne myred with gall
And burdende with muche woo
Of natures woakes I vnderstande
The faultes may none restore
Which be in numbze lyke the sande
Upon the salt fludde shoze
The baunting in my wyt I thought
To cal vnto my mynde
What rules of wysdō I had taught
That elders could not fynde
And as by contraries we speake
To trye most thynges we vse
Mens folpes and their errours eke
I gan them al peruse
Therby with more delyght of mind
To knowledge for to clyme
An endles woake I dyd it fynde
Of payne and losse of tyme
For he to scole of Sappence
That doth apply his minde
The more he doeth his diligence
The greater doubt shal finde
And al such men as enterpryse

The Roke of the Breacher
To put new thinges to vze
Of som that shal scozne they? deuile
May wel them selues asure.

Argumentum Chap. ii.
How the hugodly men obiecte
Salomon doth recorde
All thynges are vayne in the resprete
Of God the lyping lord.

Wayes
FRo pensyue fālies then strayght
I gan mine hart reuoke
And gaue me to such sportig playes
As laughter myght prouoke
Such vayne delytes for my pastāce
When they most blynded me
We thought a smylung cōtēnāūce
A kynge dyd yl agree
I sought to please dilyciouly
My bely then with wyne
To fede me fat wpyth meates costly
Of rare delighthes and fyne
And other pleasures of my minde
To purchase me with rest
In so great choyle the thing to find
That myght content me best

But

otherwyse called Ecclesiastes.

But lord what care of mind buri
what sodaine stormes of yre
what broken slepe did I endure
To compass my desyre.

To builde the houses fayre and gay
Then set I al my cure

By princely actes to strue alway
And make my fame endure

Delicious gardens for my minde
I made to please my sight

Wherin grew fruite of every kynd
That my mouth myght delight

Lively springes by conduytes clere
From theyr old course I drewe

The fruytful trees to freshe & chere
That in my garden grewe

In lytle space also I bredde
Of cattell great encrease

I gaue my bondmen wyues to wed
Whych serued me with peace

Great heapes also of shining golde
By sparyng some I gaue

Andewed with riches many fold
As fyttes a prynce to haue

A. II.

To

The Boke of the Preacher

To heare fayre womē singe & taunt
Sometyme I dyd reioyce
Rauished with their tunes pleasaunt
And sweetenes of theyr voyce
Lemans I had so fayre that space
And of so lyuely bewe
That who so galed in theyr face
Myght wel theyr beauty rewe
Ther neuer sate a kyng certayne
So riche in Dauid's seate
Yet stil me thought for so smal gain
The trauayle was to greate
Yet fro the wyndowes of my minde
I had no pleasaunt sight
Nor fro my hart of myrth no kynde
That might geue them delyght
Which was the onely fruyte that I
Dyd reape of al my payne
To please my harte & fede myne eye
Lo, thys was al my gayne
but whē to make my coust I thought
Wyth how great care of minde
And hartes vnrest y I had soughte
So wastful fruyte to fynde

Then

at her wyse called Ecclesiastes.

Then was I stricken straight & hyl
Wyth that abused fyre
To glozy in that goodly wyte
That compass my desyre
But then a freshe before myne eyes
Grace dyd my faultes renew
What good calling I dyd despyse
My rewen to pursue
Of raging pleasures past I thought
Perylles and harde escape
What fālies in my head had wzou-
The lyquore of the grape (ght
Therfore they runne in errours al
Whose frayle hartes doth thē moue
To strue in bayne to be equal
With him that syts aboue
In whose most perfit woꝝkes I say
Such craft appeareth playne
That to the least of them ther maye
No mortal man attayne
And like as lyght frō day so bꝛeme
Doeth shyne aboue the night
So darke to me did folly seme
And wylomes beames as bꝛight
J.iii. whose

The Woke of the preacher

Whose eyes did shew so bright & shine
Notes to deserue and finde
But wyl had closed folyes eyes
Who groped like the bly: ne
Yet deth & tyme consumes with scath
Al wyf and worldly fame
And loke what ende that foly hath
And wysdome hath the same
The thought I this, o lord of myght
May not then wysdom cure
The woful wronges w hard cōflict
That foly doth endure
To sharpe my wytte so fine to reche
Then why toke I this painne
Now well I finde this noble serche
May eke be called bayne
As slaunders bryte and barbarus
As folyes Just rewarde
Which time to silence doth tracebug
And bringe to small regarde
In lyke maner doth time defeate
The noble blast of fame
Which shuld resound the glozy great
That doeth deserue the same
Thus present chaūges haue chased

other by called Ecclesiastes.

Alway the wonders past
He is the wise mans fatall threde
Yet longer sponne to last
thē on this wretched bale do bottles
Our lyfe & soothed playne
Whē I behelde our paines fruitles
To compas pleasures bayne
Our trauailes great w painful sute
Is bayne as ye shal know (fruit
For eyes vnknown shal reape the
That we with paine did sowe
But god y al thinges vnderstandes
who can him selfe incline
For to knowe into whose handes
I shal my goodes resygne
But lord how pleasant & how swete
Seemeth the ydle lyfe
That neuer felt of care one whyt
Nor burdyned with stryfe
And vile the greedy trade so brute
Of them that toyle so soze
to leaue to such theyr trauayls frute
That neuer sweet therfore
what is that pleasant gaine at last
which

The Boke of the p:esche

Which is that swete relefe
That should delay the bytter tast
We fele of al our grefe
Our gladsome dayes a simple gain
To seke away we passe
The nyght to fede a restless baine
Be broken slepes alas
What is left vs then to be had
What comfort doeth remaine
Reioyce our hartes & make it glad
wyth the fruite of our paine
yf that be trew hym selfe who may
A man so happy cal
As I whose spence I dare wel say
Doth shyne beyonde them al
A gracyous gyft it is surely
And fauour of the Lorde
Our goodes to spende lyberally
The ground of al dyscord
And wretched harts haue they who
Doeth let they? treasure moule
And beare the rod of al they? wo
That glozy in they? goulde
But I by p:ofe do vnderstand

whole

otherwyse called Ecclesiastes

Whose riches beare such brute
what stable welth in wast may stand
In heappng of such frute.

Argumentum chap. iiii.

All earthly thynges haue tyme & space
No mortall thyng is good
How wronge is set in iustyce place
And dynkes the gyltes bloud

(woime

Cf eche thing that on earth doeth
Is none deuoyde of tyme
And euery thyng vnder the sunne
Is subiect vnto me
For why the man begot of late
As we were al and some (pate
Shal turne to ground whē death his
Shal hit in tyme to come
And eke the gaffes we plāt w pain
In hope to haue the fruyte
To roote them bp in tyme agayne
Is al our whole pursuyte
The sēde eke that we laboured
To growe with paynful swette
In tyme againe to cut & thred
It is our common feate

And

The Woe of the Warher

And sometime fortunes threatening
Doth make vs to complaine
But euery pleasaunt frame of her
Reioyce our hartes againe
Somtime old byldings down to cast
Is our vnstable guyse
And with those stones again at last
We buylde some new deuyse
New fantasies rise strin our brayne
Which fade returning mo
And now we practise to attayne
That streyght we must forgo
Somtyme to spare we set our wyte
That afterwarde we wast
And that we trauaile for to knyt
For to vnloose as faste
Somtyme in sobre silence eke
Our quyet lippes we close
But whe vnbridled togues do speake
They do our hartes dysclose
Such as in folded armes somtyme
We did embrace we hate
Whom straight againe we reconcile
And banishe al debate

other myle called Ecclesiastes

So smal is our commodities
Of al our paynes I see
we wast our liues in countreys
that neuer shal agree
for al these heauy cares from god
Are sent for our vnrestes
With al our wealth that heauy load
He freyghtes styl our brestes
Al þ thou wroughtest lord of blisse
Hath beauty and good grace
Of the eche thing assigned is
Hys proper time and place
thou grauntedst eke to mā the same
Of al the worldes estate
And of eche thing wrought in the
To argne and debate (same
which act though it aprouch & reache
The heauenly knowledg most
The natural course of thigs to fear
Yet al is labour lost (che
But yet the windowes of my minde
that longe for suerty sought
No wealth wout great paine could
In this world be bought (find
Ther

The Booke of the Preacher

Therefore his hart þy doth not synke
In seeking greedy thyrst
But frely spendes his goodes may
It is a secreete gyfte (thynke
For it shal be fulfylde I say
What so the lord in ende
Whych no deuise of mans wytt may
Apayre ne yet amende (ght
For he hath made eche thing of nou-
That Adams chyliden might
Lerne for to drede þy lord þy wrought
Such wonders in theyr syght
Greate wonders past right worthy
Which now ar out of mind (praise
To be renewed in our dayes
The Lord hath so assynde
Lo, thus thys careful scourge god
Doth steale on vs vnware (wote
Which whē þy flesh hath clene forgot
He doeth againe repayre
When I in this bayne search anon
Had wandred from my wytt
Beholde I sawe a ryall throne
Wher iustyce should haue syt

otherwyse called Ecclesiastes:

In steade of whome I sawe a geas
wyth fierce and cruel mode
where wronge was set y cruel beas
And dranke the gyllies bloud
Then did I meruayle sore and saye
when god shal syt in dome
This wicked folke vpon that day
He shal them ouercome
For why so syt in iudgement seate
Unto the Lorde is dewe
On good on bad, on small & great
He shal geue sentence trewe
But I perceaued incontinent
This rod that god dyd sende
To scourge proud harts y did inuēt
with go for to contende
Theyr errour proude for to confute
And for to make them see
That the differ from beastes brute
Right litle in degree
For who so doeth not knowlege wike
In this can do no lesse
Then of his hart so arrogant
The errour to confesse

For

The Moke of the Preacher

For when that death shal him arrest
And die as other doo
Then shal his death be lyke a beast
As was his lyfe also
But onely for the soule elect
To liue eternally
Both man & beast are like subiect
To very vanytie
For why the forme so excelent
that god gaue vnto man
Or other beast it shal relent
to earth where it began
And who can tel vs readely
whether mans soule ascend
Or wyth the body if it dye
And to the ground dyscend
Wherefore eche hart of gready sute
That riches sekes to gayne
Gather may he the sauery fruyte
that spryngeth of his paine
But yf we haue conueniently
Let vs take it in worth
And wyth our handes myserably
Eke let vs poure it forth

otherwyse called Ecclesiastes.

For treasure spent whyle lyfe doth
The body doth sustayne (hold
Els other mē must wast they? goide
that we haue g' it wyth payne
And in this lyfe what mā's forsyght
Doeth know who shal posses
the goods wherein they dyd delight
And got with painfulnes.

Finis.

There endeth these thre Chapters
of Ecclesiastes, and here after fo-
loweth the syrte Chapter of
Sapientia or Boke of
Wysdome.



9
The. vi. Chapter of Sapientia.

The kynges and rulers of the worlde
the wyse man here doeth call
If they to wysdome wyl not cleave
god wyl them punyssh al.

Wysdom is a much better thinge
then strength and force to fight
A wise man is more worth also
than stronge men much of might.

Hearc o ye kinges and vnderstand
be wise therfore and learnde
By whome the matters of the earth
be iudged and desernde.

Geue eare to me, I saye: al ye
that rule the multytude
which in much people haue delyght
And al thinges shoulde conclude

For power & strength is geue you,
of god the Lorde most hye
He shal search out that you inuent
and al your workes wyl trye

Now that you beyng officers
vnder his kyngly trone
You did not iudgement execute
as vnto him is knowen

And

In Metre.

And how you have not kept the law
of righteousness I saye
Nor have not done his blessed wyl,
nor walked in his waye

Full horribly and that right sone,
to you he shal appeare

For right harde iudgemēt shal they
that power & rule doth beare (haue

Mercy vnto the simple men
god graunt with good intent

But they that beare auctoritie
shal haue soze punishment

For god that is the lord of al
and iudgeth very right

Shal stād in awe of no mā's power
his greatnes or his myght

For he hath made the smal & great
his care on al is bente

But they that be of might shal haue
the sozer punishment

O ye kinges eche one to you therfore
doe I now speake al this

Because that you may wīdō learne
that you go not amys

G. i.

For

Sapientia. Chap. ix.

For they that rightousnes doth
shalbe iudged rightously. **Kepe**
They þat lerne in rightous thin-
shal answere redely. **(ges)**

Wherefore loue wel my wordes I
and on them set your lust. **(say)**
So that you wel by noxtoure come
in season due and iust.

For wysdome is a noble thyng
alway she wyl not moue
And she is sene full easely
of them that doth her loue.

Them that to her haue a desyre
them she doeth preuent
So that she may theto fynd her selfe
to them with good intent.

Who so awaketh to her betyme
shal haue no great trauayle
For at his doore he shal her fynde
she shal him neuer fayle.

Right perfectly they vnderstande
that thynketh her vpon
And they that watche for her shalbe
ryght safe and that anon.

for

For she alway about doth go
 And seeketh euery where
 For such as should for her be mete
 And god doth loue and fere
 Full cherefully before theyz eyes
 Her selfe she doth forth shoue
 And meteth them with dyligence
 Because they should be know
 For the desyre vnfained and true
 Of refozmacyon
 Is her begynnynge and her ground
 That she is buylt vpon

To care for nurnoure loue it is
 Ye loue with his pzudence
 And loue is keepynge of her lawes
 And that with dyligence
 It is perfectyd to kepe the lawes
 And rightly doth accorde
 An vncorrupt lyfe maketh a man
 Sampler with the lord.

Yf your delyght in royall seates
 And scepters than should be
 Ye knynges that do the people rule
 I say harken vnto me

And vpon wysdome set your lust
I saye to you therfore
That you map raygne in great glo
with god for euermole

Do you the light al ye that rule
the congregatyon

And I wyl make of wysdom noboe
a declaracion

What wysdō is, howe she came vp
I wyl tel you this tyde

The mysteryes of god the lord
from you I wyl not hyde

But I wyl seke her out in dede

That al men shal it see

Yea, from the fyyst oryginall
of her natiuitie

And bring the knowledg of her
to thew you al the ground

And as for keppng backe the trueth
in me shal not be founde

Neither wyl I haue ought to do
wyth enuy and disdayne

For why: such men in no wyse maye
to wysdome apertaine

The

**The multitude of wyse men makes
the world ioyful to be**

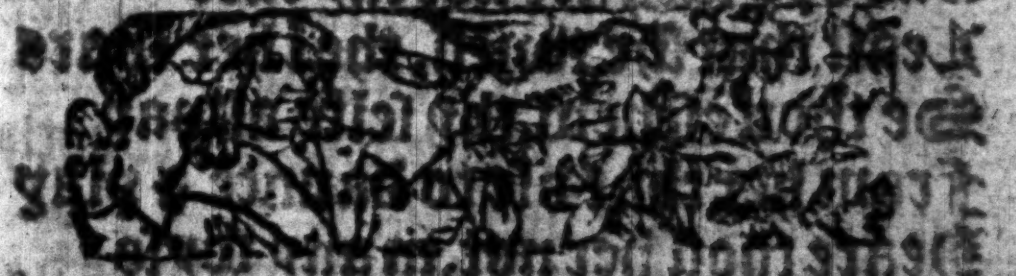
**A wyse kinge doeth hye realme by
wyth right and equyte**

**I now receaue my nation then
it is a blessed foode**

**And let my wordes be your counceill
and it shal do you good**

**There endeth the .vi. Chapter of
Sapientia and here after fo**

**loweth the .ix. Chapter of
Ecclesiastes**



Ecclesiastes

**Preached by Solomon the Kinge
of Iherusalem**

The. ix. Chapter of Eccles

Instructions.

Argumentum.

**How that men shulde kepe them selfe
with wyues that be truly conue
An olde frende is the best of all
for he is truly knownen.**

BE not gelous ouer thy wyfe
But kepe thy hous woutt strife
That she shew not some poynt of pl
Of wycked doctrine the to spyl
Geue not thy power nor yet thy lyfe
Unto an whore that maketh stryfe
least she redound, win thy strength
And so cōfound, thy soule at length
Loke þ not thē, on women nought
That vpo men, set all theyr thought
And vpo such, set not thy care
Least that she twich, the i her share
Se thou eschew, thy selfe alway
From her that ble to daunce & play
Heare thou her not, in any wyse
Tho she ful oft, do the entise
Beholde not a mayde, I say to the
Least thou be dismaid, of her beauti
Call not thy mind, on harlots then

Doz

In streets.

For on the kynd of euyl women
Least thou destroy thy selfe in age
And eke anoy thyne heritage
Be not galinge I saye to the
At euery thing in the cytre
Do not wandre in euery strete
But be in feare the euyl to incte
And turne away thy face her fro
The womā gay wil worke much wo
And loke not on the great beauty
Of any one bnt knowen the
For many men the which did stare
On straunge women þ were so fayre
Were perished throughe their desyre
Which kyndled like burning fyre
An aduouterous woman with yre
She shalbe thus trode in the myre
Under the feete as durt and clay
Of al that goeth vpon the way
Many a man wonder haue had
Of a straunge womā were thei not mad
Yes for they were as cleane outcast
Her wordes did farre cast a blast
Thus kepe the selfe from such a lyfe

S.iii.

See

The .ix. chapter of Ecclesiasticus.

Set not thy wyl on another mans
Syr not w her at any sted (wyfe
Lye not wth her vpon the bed
No talke w her make thou at wine
Least y to her thou shouldest encline
And so thou & thy bloud should fall
And on the land destroyed all
Forsake not you a good olde frende
For such a new thou shalt not fynde
For a new frende is like newe wyne
Which is not kynd tyl it be fyne
Let him beholde then shalt y be sure
To drinke hi behold w great pleasure
Do not desyre, the honour therfore
That a synner doth kepe in store
Thou doest not knowe the destructio
The whych doth flowe & come the on
Kepe y fro y mā y hath power to slay
Thou needest not tha of death to stay
And se thou make w him no wyfe
Least that he take fro the thy life
Remember him in the cytie
Thou shalt not see him leoparde
and take good heed to thyne neibor
Least

Least with his dede, he the deuoure
Myth wyse men be, in company
It shal do the, great honestye
Let iust mē be, thy gesses alwayes
And inerely, geue god the prayse
See euer styl, that thou be kynde
And w good wyl, kepe god in mynd
Let al thi woordes, with good intent
Be on the tozdes, commaundement
the crafts mā, maketh gorgeousen:
Al other then, doth it comend
Princes that rule, theye people w
ful oft they wyl, of hapdom tel
A mā that many, woordes doth vse
A wyse mā than, wyl them refuse
For such a one, I say to the
Doth make much mone, in a cytye
There is so much, symetice
Mythout it such, men cannot be
He is past shame, I saye therfore
Mē shal him blame, and eke abuse

There endeth the .ix. Chap. of Cer
tainne

Certayne

Certayne Psalmes of Dauid

Drawen into metre

Benedictus dominus in omni. psa. cxx. iii.

When god both kepe good men

and he wyl them defende

How so to leade a godly lyfe

yl you do so intende

I wyl unto the lord

be geuyng thanks alwayes

My mouth & tongue shal euer be

a speakinge to his prayse

My soule shal make her boiste

in god the lord of myght

The poore oppressed shal heare therof

and gladly shal delyght

I do you now exhorthe

a prayse the lord with me

Together with an humble harte

his name to magnify

For I besought the lord

he hadde me by and by

And out of al my payne and wo

he did deliuer me

O then receaue the light

and to him drawe you nere

And then withouten shamefastnes

your faces that appeare

This poore man cryed to god
and he did heare his prayer
And from his troubles everyone
deliuered him full fauour

The aungel of the lord becom
doeth pytche his tent full of grace
About al the that doth him feare
to kepe them safe and sounde

How frendly is the lord
o fast and se who lust
And blessed is that man therefore
that in him putteth his trust

O feare the lord his sayntes
se that ye do him please
For they that feare him lacke nothing
but euer that haue grace

The riche that hunger much
and want that lappinge forde
But they that feare the lord shall lacke
nothing that which is good

Come hyder o you babes
and harken to my voyce
I that you teach the feare of god
and

The 13 Calmes of Dauid.

and therein to reioyce.

Who so lusteth to lyue
and se good dayes is fayne
Let him his tongue & lippes kepe
al euyl to refrayne

Let them eschew wrath
do good and neuer cease
And let him like a man
to liue in rest and peace

The eyes of god are set
vpon the righteous men
His eares are open to their prayers
and he prayeth for them

The face of god also
the wycked men doth hate
He will destroy them
and al the memory of them

When righteous men do cry
the lord doth heare them
And when they are troubled
he will them helpe

The lord is nere to them
that are in hart contrite
And he will helpe such as be meke
and of an humble spyrte

The troubles of good men
al though that they be great
The lord shall helpe them out of all
and sayre wyl them intreate

He kepeth al theyr bones
together safe and sounde
So that not one of them is broke
wyth any strype or wounde

But yet myffortune great
the wycked men shall kyl
And they that hate the ryghteous
shall be accused of yll

The lord wyl the soule saue
of them that doth hym serue
And al that put theyr trust in him
that they shall neuer swaue.

Deus in nomine tuo. psal. lxxx.

How that the ryghteous man
for helpe to god doth call
And how that he incontynent
had his desires all.

For helpe I call to the o God
because that I haue nede
For thy names sake & in thy strength
delyuer me with spede

Heare

The Psalmes of Dauid

Hear my prayer my god my king
When I to the shall praye

Consider wel the wordes of me
that I to the wyl saye

The strangers & the mighteones
agaynst me doth surrect

Which hath not god before their ey-
my soule they wold infect

But lo, god is my helpe at nede
yea, onely it is he

That both uphold my soule in dede
from their iniquitie

And euyl that the lord reboarde
vnto myne enemies

And in thy truth thou shalt destroye
them that do the despyse

I wyl offre to the o Lord
and gyue thy name the prayse

O lord because thou comfortest me
and helpest me alwayes

For thou lord hast deliuered me
from al mine agonies

So that myne eye seeth hye desyre
vpon myne enemyes

Beatus

Beatus his qui timet. **psalm. 128.**

The righteous man that feareth god
shalbe right faste and sure
wyth sayth his enemyes to say: stand
and strongly shal endure.

The man is blest that feareth god
and walketh in his way.

And to kepe his commaundementes
delyghteth night and day.

His sede shal styl with might & po
wpo the earth prosper.

The faithful generation shal
be blessed in like maner.

Ryches, ioye and plenteousnes
in his house shalbe sure.

And eke I say his righteousness
foz ever shal endure.

In darkenes to the godly man
ther riseth bp a lyght.

Whiche sheweth mercy louingly
and walke the way of right.

Wel is he that merciful is
and lendeth with good wyl.

And woth discrecion euermore
hys wordes doth ponder styl.

The psalmes of Dauid

For moued shal he neuer be
his ryghteousnes shal sure
Be had in remembraunce
that euer shal endure

When he doth heare of tidinges yll
he wyl not be afrayde

His hart beleneth assuredly
the lord wyl be his ayde

His harte is surely stablyshed
he wyl not shyinke vntyl

That he vpon his enemyes
hath his desyre and wyl

For he hath dealt abrode ful wel
and geuen to the poore

His ryghteousnes remaineth styll
both now and evermore

His horne shalbe exalted styll
wyth power and eke wyth myght

The which whā wicked mē shal se
ther at they wyl haue spyght

And thē shal he gnashe wth his teeth
and consume them awayne

The vngodly and they^r desyre
for euer shal decaye.

In Metre.

In exten Israel de Egypto: psalm. cxlii.

Thou god the lyving lord

for Israel dyd prepare

By myracles and wonders worke

Myng Davyd doth declare

How Israel dyd procede

Worth of the Egypt lande.

And the house of Jacob, from

the foren peoples hande

Juda then was made

hys sanctuary sure

And Israel hys dominion

for ever to endure

The sea saw that and fledde

whythouten moze delaye

And Jordan turned backe also

even from hys wonted waye

The moûtaines lyke as rammes

they skyped by and by

The litle hylles lyke as yong chepe

they leped vp on hys

O sea what ayled the

so fast awaye to flee

Thou Jordan that þ turnedst backe

and that so sodaynly

M. i.

What

The psalmes of DAVID

What ayled those mountaynes
lyke rammes, for to skyppe
You lytle hylles so lyke pong shepe
what caused you to lyppe

What caused earthly thynges
thus fearefully to shake

At the presence of Jacobs god
the earth dyd tremble and quake

Whych turned rockes full harde
to standyng waters sure

The flint stones into springis welles
the whych were very pure,

Non nobis domine:

psalm cxxv.

Of them that do in ydols trust

kynges Dauid doth vs tell

And them that set on god theyr luke
he wyl defende them well.

N Ot vnto vs o lyuyng lorde

not vnto vs I saye

But to thy name with one accorde
let vs geue prayse alwaye

Then wherfore shal the heathē say
to vs at any tyme

Wher is now theyr god become
of whom they syng in ryme

In Meter.

As for our god we say agayne
he is in heauen hye
He doth on erth what pleaseth hym
howe can ye thys denye

As for they? Idols, what be they
they are but syluer and golde
The workes of men they be I saye
they are both dead and colde

They haue mouthes & yet speake
and eyes haue they also (not
yet can they se nothyng at all
that goeth to or fro

And they haue eares & can not heare
what ye to them doth saye

Noses haue they & smell nothyng,
by nyght noz yet by daye

They haue handes and handle not
they haue no manner of grace

Feete haue they yet go they not
noz moue not from theyr place

They that made them let the be
lyke vnto them therfore

And lyke al suche as put theyr trust
in them for euermore

The Psalmes of David

But let the house of Israel
trust in the living lord
He wyl them succour and defende
accozdinge to hys worde

And let the house eke of Aaron
trust in the lord alwaye
He is their succor and defence
to kepe them night and day

All ye that feare the lord I saye
in him put confidence
You may be sure that he wil be
your succor and defence

The lord is mindfull of vs al
and blessed vs full well
He blessed the house of Aaron
and eke of Israel

Thē that feare him thē blessed he
ye both the greate and smal
The lord increse you more & more
you and your children al

Ye are the blessed of the lord
as he him selfe doth saye
The whiche did make both heaue &
and created night and day (earth
for

